

## THE HUNTERS OF THE HILLS

ure, and the frank, open face, ran through the multitude.

He spoke with glowing zeal and in a clear, beautiful voice that carried like a trumpet. After the first minute, all embarrassment and hesitation passed away, and his gift shone, resplendent. The freshness and fervor of youth were added to the logic and power of maturer years, and golden words flowed from his lips. The Indians, always susceptible to oratory, leaned forward, attentive and eager. The eyes of the fifty sachems began to shine and the fierce and implacable Mohawks, who would not relax a particle for any of the others, nodded with approval, as the speaker played upon the strings of their hearts.

He dwelled less upon the friendship of the English than upon the hostility of the French. He knew that Champlain and Frontenac were far away in time, but near in the feelings of the Hodenosaunee, especially the Mohawks, the warlike Keepers of the Eastern Gate. He said that while the French had often lived with the Indians, and sometimes had married Indian women, it was not with the nations of the Hodenosaunee, but with their enemies, Huron, Caughnawaga, St. Regis, Ojibway and other savages of the far west. Onontio could not be the friend of their foes and their friends also. Manitou had never given to any man the power to carry water on both shoulders in such a manner.

The promises of the French to the great nations of the League had never been kept. He and Willet, the hunter whom they called the Great Bear, and the